



What's that girl wandering down the street got on her grubby little mind? Maybe she's thinking about a lady who lives on the other side of the tracks. Beverly White dreams of a better life.



UP TOWN LOVER

Laurel! How I have always yearned for her! How I tremble at her very name! How I clings to the thought of her! That voluptuous body, with its astounding breasts and curvaceous bottoms. The lovely dark hair and, with it all, that supreme elegance. Her grace and manner are those of an aristocrat. Her sumptuous surroundings reflect her life—beauty, luxury.

What chance do I have of getting a girl like that? I work in a shop. Everything about me is insignificant and unimpressive. I know nobody influential, and I have never had the confidence to push myself forward. Yet, I dare to think of Louise. My inner throbs desperately when I visualize her naked.

Louise has her own little circle of ladies surrounding her. It is a circle I can see no way of penetrating, not as I live in my loneliness. I find my dreams swirling my forward into Louise's home, and I take an air of glamour.

There is the key to the door. It has materialized in my hands. Suddenly, I drop inside. My fashion lover is not. Doubtless, she is eating at an expensive restaurant or making love to her young female friends. It is her usual daily life, but after.

I strip off my clothes and hide them away. I look much better without them. In my nudity, I am in my own clothes. I run the bath, and immerse myself in some sensuous reading matter. A glow comes to my skin, and my breasts swell out, bringing my figure into perfect proportions.

As I dry myself, I gaze at my form in





me.

I smile with a certain gentleness. Tenderly, I take her now vulnerable body into my arms. She fails to grasp what is happening, but she doesn't need to be under my spell to realize that her flesh is yielding to my touch.

She lies back on the bed, her long dark hair falling over her face. She is waiting to be satisfied. Between the strands of hair, her arms gradually poke through, dislodging their sexual entanglements. Suddenly, I realize it there is lust, pushing her hair away, so that I can admire the full curves of her tits, with the rosy red areolas.

"That's called cream with straw honey?" I see, a breast gem on my face. Rings of desire pass through my flesh, as I gaze at her creamy-coloured orbs with the two deliciously enticing nipples.

Louise smiles and a smile says everything comes to her face. My pussy throbs. She truly is ready and waiting just for me!

Our lips meet. Passionately, I push my tongue past her teeth, and suck her mouth into mine. My hands begin to feel down to her lovely squishy tits. I'm in ecstasy, so I juggle the cushions of flesh, forcing them together. She groans. Feeling her encouragement I cup her orbs together, so that the heads meet. The contact sends her quivering, and I draw her them both at once, feeling the pulses surrounding the heads swell out. Her body clenches up. I wonder if she is literally going to orgasm with her tits, but not Louise is seeing so her full-blown climax for later. I think she is frightened that if she comes now, I won't bother to make her pussy orgasm. Silly Louise! I want to make her orgasm and orgasm until she is shipped out. I wouldn't dream of forgetting about her sweet coming and going.

Twisting over, I am my tits hanging above hers. Carefully, oh so carefully, I lower my nipples so that they touch hers. Left one to right one, right one to left one. Shivers spread within me, and Louise herself gave a giggle. Who would have dreamt that this sophisticated young lady can be a little girl at heart? I adore her all the more for it.

Now it's time for me really to get down to work: down on Louise is another way of putting it! And it is scarcely work!

I plant little kisses all the way along the length of her body to her low neck. My own pussy is aghast I have been so desperate for this moment.

I bury my head between her arms, mouth-kissed thighs. How gorgeous she is! I can already smell the scent of her love juices. I part her legs and

a mirror. Now, my naked body can compare with that of many slinky girls. It is only in my dreams that I have this chance to display my daring femininity to my Louise.

I climb on to her bed. Gently, I stroke over the contours of my body. The nipples as my breasts are becoming puffy, with the teats starting to grow out like tiny red suckers. A flush, a sexual blush, covers my chest and neck. My eyes sparkle, and I feel the first nipping adhesion between my legs.

There's a click. The front door of the flat is being opened. I almost freeze with excitement. My hand brushes over my pussy's hair, my fingers slipping along my sex lips. The whole act is electrified, waiting for the delicious Louise to enter my life.

The door of the bedroom opens. There she is, I sigh with delight. She stands. For a moment, she is surrounded. "What . . . ? Who are . . . ?" She begins to ask, but the words won't come out. My body is dazzling her, stopping her from having the mundane thoughts of how did it get in, and how did I know

about her lesbian desires. The amazed look on her face is stirring. She now has an expression of pleasure. Eventually, she walks over to me. Her movements are slow, for she is a little nervous.

I want her to stop to let me see her. I've been longing for this moment for years, but then I decide that it would be ruin for me to rub her my magical powers over this delicious body. Besides, my pussy is so wet with longing, I know I must reveal her body in its full and naked splendor as swiftly as possible.

With a surprise smile on my face, I wave my hand in the air. Instantly, her clothes begin to disappear, to dissolve. Louise is startled. She starts first at her bared tits, as her blouse disappears. She wonders whether she should cover herself. Her arms cross over her breasts, but then she thrusts out her chest. I gaze at her breasts lasciviously, but I send all of her body . . . and especially her beautiful tummy.

Her trousers disappear. I catch a glimpse of her tiny garters, and then I am face to face with her curly-haired pussy, her pussy which now belongs to

under with my hands. She raves her moans, and helps to draw my eager face towards her closely-guarded intimacies. There are not many girls who can claim to have tasted Louise's sweet secret!

I separate her sweet parted lips and gaze at the fleshy pinkness of the flesh surrounding her sex crack. I lick my lips. I am so hungry! But first, I must remove the tiny underwear I am about to eat! I don't want there to be any part of her which is left untouched by my fingers.

I pull open her shiny inner lips, and there is the head of her clitoris. Ooh! I'm drawing close to her sexual heart. I stroke the long head, and a bright red blush comes up to greet me, glistening with arousal. Louise is quivering and moaning. She's reaching lower, pushing, dying to be released. I tangle with a degree of satisfaction. It is a psychological satisfaction. I am now certain that she is fully within my power. Louise, the unbreakable, needs me!

Does the fact strike Louise as well? As I part her inner lips yet further down, I suspect that it does! She is frantic to be brought off, desperately, desperately needing . . . me!

I let my finger play around a little inside her sticky depths, but not for too



long.... I am going to make her wet for that orgasm so that it will be a real earth mover! I slide my finger round her clit and on to the puckered lip of her anus. I tickle just inside the hole. It tenses, and with my other hand, I hook her nipple at the same time.... but always drawing back, before I've let her go too far.

Despite her array of desire, I turn her over, so that I can play with her bare properly. It's cute. I kiss it all over and lick down into the puckered hole. Then I draw back and give her round cheeks some gentle smacks.

I can wait no longer. I roll Louise on to her back again, and slide my mouth's lip on those of her pussy. I nibble at them, as I draw her very narrow into me. My new robe against her dirty while my tongue snakes its path up inside her.

Her vagina shudders, and I feel her inner muscles clench. Her delicious

joints are beginning to jerk forth into my mouth. I lap them wet, like a cat does the cream.

Louise is flinging herself into a state of orgasmic frenzy once more. It is then that something occurs to me. My own pussy hasn't been touched. It is so hot and itchy I hardly knew what to do with it. But not. This is not a problem I should be having.... not when I'm in bed with my Indian lover. The more I think, the more it strikes me that Louise is a selfish lover. Why? It would be in with the rest of her first rich girl'ambitions.

My feelings are mixed, as I feel her orgasm racking her body. I drink up every drop of her juices, but my pussy needs her to reproduce. It takes two to please!

My pussy is angry, despite it having been nice tongue-fucking dear sweet Louise. Now, I must fill that girl with a fiery lust. I must make her so enraged



that her only solution is to take my body personally, determined to send me crashing into blissful oblivion.

How? Only one answer comes to mind: prostate.

My mind ticks over, as I lie in extended exhaustion, with my hand acting as Louise's damp butt. Yes, I think I have it. It's not exactly a new idea, but I can't help that. After all, this is my dream world, and I have everything going so splendidly well!

Louise's very special girlfriend is a soft and beautiful woman in her thirties, Sonya. She is desired by many, but she is faithful to Louise, for Louise is ferociously possessive. She would go mad if she thought of her Sonya with any other woman.

Exactly as I come up in my mind's picture of Sonya with me. The magical powers which have cast me here transmute the thought into a photograph. I move up the bed, and my head is next to Louise's. She looks at me, her

face flushed and perspiring, her breasts still heaving up and down. Yet, she is contented. Casually, I glide the photograph from the air, and gaze at it with her.

In the picture, in vivid colour, can be seen Sonya passionately licking at my pussy's lip, while her hands squeeze my tits.

"Isn't Sonya a wonderful lover?" I murmur, my voice filled with enthusiasm. "I'd believe she said you were a friend of hers too. Wow! You should have been there when she was last making me come. She really has the touch!"

Louise grabs the picture. She stares at it. "When, what, where....?" Her voice is frenzied. "She's a lesbian, nothing but a bitch and a whore!" she wails at me. Then she mutters, "She dares to pretend she's all mine, and then she goes fucking with some other women!"

I can see the violent rage in Louise's



yes. "I'll get my own back," she retorted. "If she thinks she can have another girl, then so can I... and I'm going to have the one she wanted! Come on, babe!"

Louise's eyes are now glinting, staring at me. "I'll make love to you more passionately than Sonya could even dream possible!"

Immediately, she is on top of me. With my fantastic powers, I have succeeded in creating precisely the type of reaction I desired. I feel guilty about Sonya, but that only serves to add spice to this affair.

Louise's tits dangle above my face. She feeds one of them into my mouth, and my lips latch on to the nipple. I tongue the teat, and then nibble at it, causing it to flutter all the more. At the same time, she is pressing her other tit against my eye, making me blink at the beauty of the nipple.

Louise is now expertly kissing me on the lips. The more, it is her tongue which is doing all the erotic groping, trying to reach down my throat. A blissful haze engulfs me. She knows what she's doing all right. She can make love to my pounding body in any fashion she chooses. All I know is that it is going to be good!

Her hands go far my two boulders. She chews at my testis so hard that it is unbearable agony and pleasure all at the same time. Meanwhile, her hand is running over my belly and into my pants. Her thumb touches my clitty,

while her fingers open up my slit. The one-stand-offish, up-town Louise is set on giving me everything that she's got - giving it to a down-town girl!

I feel I'm on the brink of the most luxurious orgasm possible. As she sees my tits swell and pink, she quickly takes her fingers right inside me. I can't think like a virgin, but she feels hard at my mouth, trying to reach my womb. I crush over the verge, feeling vast waves of ecstasy, and my muscles spasm around her hand.

"I hope you're ready for lots more," she whispers. My smile, as I look up at her, assures her with a sighing cry: "Surely, she gives her pussy down against my streaming slit. Her pubic bush slides into my tender folds, and then she gyrates her groin, with ever increasing acceleration, as my clit goes up to the fraction, dying for release yet again. I'm positively yearning to come.

Just as my climax pangs into orgasm, she grabs her own pussy down, and squeezes herself. Our bodies clasp together, held together by penetration, by sex, by longing.

"You look so beautiful!" she murmurs, as she brushes my hair away from my tits. From a stunner like Louise, that is a compliment worth remembering.

We lie back, softly caressing each other. What next? A 50 perhaps? But we're tired - Oh, no! We're not at all tired. No one is ever too tired to take a fantasy!



A single room links two lesbian love scenes. Jenny Keep tells us about the time she retreated to the closet and what she saw from its confines

A tale of two couples





I went in search of a bedroom to be alone and I wasn't enjoying the party because I'd had a row with my girl friend, and all I wanted to do was skulk off and cry somewhere. I found an empty room, stretched out on the bed and gave vent to my bitter tears. Then I heard footsteps coming up the stairs, and, not wanting to show my emotions I hid in the first place that came to mind: the wardrobe.

I left the door open just a crack, to breathe, and then I saw two strangers come into the room. It was obvious that they'd sought the privacy of a bedroom to be close together.

One girl had curly dark hair and was wearing a very sexy red dress which showed off her cleavage. The other one, obviously the butch partner of the pair, was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. It was she who spoke first.

"Thank God we've found somewhere," Julia. "You look lovely tonight but I just had to get you away from the crowd. Come and sit down."

I watched as she parted the bed and her friend sat down and lovingly raised her legs to be kissed. Then the girl in

Joan pressed her hand gently down so that her head sank into the pillow. "Oh, Christ!" she gasped, as her legs were gently spread apart and a succession of soft kisses planted along the insides of her thighs. Chris ran her hands up Stella's legs and nipped at her clay breasts until they came down. Stella's back was arched up and I could see the gleaming pink of her open lips, rustling in their fiery heat.

As I watched, Chris ran her hand up Stella's thigh, and started massaging her naked minge until I could actually see fluid oozing out of her. I realized that I had a familiar heavy ache between my own legs. Parting my fingers down I vagged against them as I watched the same taking place on the cunt of me.

Chris had three fingers buried inside Stella's yielding flesh and was twisting

them round, while Stella moaned and thrashed around. Then she withdrew her fingers and replaced them on her legs.

Stella tore at Chris's hair and her hands scabbled wildly for her breasts. Then the two were on top of each other, rolling around, heads clamped over each other's necks: in the last wardrobe I was inside myself with sexual excitement, my fingers working on my clit and hairy... I could feel an orgasm building. I just had to come and I did, biting my lips so as not to gasp or moan, flooding my knickers with sweet juice.

When I'd finished, I peeped out of the door again, to see Chris and Stella dressing and peeping to ripen the party. They went out of the door, one around each other, and I was just about to step out of the dark, hot confines of the wardrobe, when I

heard giggling and two more girls came into the bedroom.

I'd seen the girls who entered downstairs. Both were dressed in the slutties and they'd had quite a bit to drink. One of them, a curly haired girl wearing very high-heeled shoes, was swaying slightly and clutching her friend.

"Oh, Pat, I've had more than enough. How about you?" she giggled, flinging herself on the bed.

"There's one thing I haven't had enough of, and that's you, you little cunt!" and the other one, putting one foot clad in a boot on the bed, leaning over her friend and nuzzling her, "Oh, no, don't!" shrieked the victim, twisting and turning to try and escape that relentless finger.

Suddenly, screams of laughter changed to sighs of desire as Pat's continued on page 39





FROM THE OTHER SIDE

We've chased after the ex-lovers of four ladies and asked them to remember their sex-life. Seems like nymphomaniacs range from the bizarre to the sensual and back!

Introducing the lady who loved Sorja before she got it together with Mary!

Sorja and I had a great thing going. I always thought we had such an intimate relationship that it would really last.

Whatever I think of her, I remember that little, sweet, young body with

beautiful peering tits. I think of her soft shoulders and part, curved ass, as my hand slides up her slender leg into that place of a pussy!

I think it's so infatuated by Sorja, and I am infatuated, because of her body. And because she loves the pleasure of sex so much. It's funny how small events flash back to remind me

of what sleeping and tripping together was like.

When we met she was a bit shy - she often didn't wear a bra - about taking off her too short and tight, to change her clothes. I remember seeing those beautiful, sensual looking lips and breasts for the first time. Sorja may sometimes lie shy but she's always been





a film - she's gay. So, right from the start, our whole affair had that electric tension which keeps things burning.

In bed we didn't let it off straight away, we liked to flower out a few weeks. Sorja used to let go completely and while she moaned I would explore her gorgeous limbs one by one, working my way up from the tips of her toes, along the soft flesh of her calves and thighs, one hand would move to meet the other, working its way down from her slender neck over those slender breasts and nubby nipples to her wildest seat of all.

When my hands met they would get to work on her youthful lips, fondling them and slowly pulling them apart. Then I would slide my fingers round her excited slit, watching her begin to squirm and convulse. Finally a finger would slide into the deepest slit of all, followed by another and another. I recall the time she was so excited I slipped as my whole wrist in.

Showered on my body, Sorja shook off about concerning, "stay there : stay there." I did watching her legs squirm after orgasm. Collapsing, she crawled over my body and licked and chewed my sex tips until I was lost in pleasure too. Sliding into a sticky mine we finger fucked each other all night. We lay together in the early morning exhausted and sweet, holding and licking each other as what seemed like a sea of sweat and juice.

Now I fantasize about what Sorja and Mary do together. I know Sorja bought a big blue dildo just before we split up and I can see Mary using it as I used my hand. Maybe they're into bondage as well. Sex always excited me to tie her up. Has she got Mary to bind her while she connects those naked,



curvature bumps and splits. I can hardly imagine . . . !

My most exciting fantasy is of the three of us together! . . . Sango and Mary both yield to my touch. I slowly strip, tickle and tug them, one after the other. Who knows, one day it just may happen. Till then I just have memories of Sango, but my girl, what memories!

Meet a blast from the past of Mary's life . . .

My girlfriend, Mary, is a dress designer. I should say ex-girlfriend actually, because she ran away with her girlfriend Sango last week and I don't think she's coming back.

I didn't even know anything was going on between them till I found Mary's note in my letter box when I got home on Tuesday night. She didn't say much: "Dear Brent . . . Have gone to Amsterdam with Sango. I'm sorry, but, I love her and she loves me. I can't see any future in our relationship: there's no point in continuing with it. Goodbye, M."

I was aghast. I'd had no idea it was coming to this. I always thought Mary was simply designing and making clothes for Sango, who, as a travel consultant, had to be carefully dressed. To be faced with the fact that all those evenings they were ostensibly discussing and fitting Sango's clothes and in reality 'fiddling with each others' brains' was shattering.

A thousand questions crossed my mind but each one drew a blank. During the days they were plotting Mary's escape Mary must have been telling





orgasms with me for our sex was good, and she seemed as anxious as ever. And who, I wondered, was the prime mover of this new arrangement? The idea of Mary seducing another woman seemed weird — she always appeared eager for more of my caresses, even right up to the end.

"Do they use dildos and vibrators?" I wondered. Ten inches of shuddering plastic seemed to the left of Mary's groin was really starting to do the job, but thinking about it also made me boring. I compared up a fantasy with Sonja playing a giant black vibrator around, about, inside and out of Mary's quivering pussy.

Her body strained to take more and more of it, head thrusting from side to side, back arched, clenching, pulsating in a juddering, jelly-like heap as orgasm after orgasm washed her body.

My own orgasm then overwhelmed me, and as my come settled on my stomach I fell asleep from exhaustion. I awoke about three hours later only to be hit between the eyes with the terrible truth of Mary's absence. And wiping the cold, sticky semen from my stomach brought home that maybe I would never come into that great little pussy again.

She's been gone for ten days now and each lonely night I spend rubbing my idle fingers at making me sick to the teeth. But what else can I do? I don't want anyone else; I want only Mary. And even if I did do anything I don't feel lively or manned enough to produce a winning line. So for the moment I must be content with the storehouse of memories and erotic fantasies of the ladies we they enjoy.





Jerry recounts his time with Flora ... and a few other friends!

I've had it with Flora. She's gone now, although I'm sorry. I'm really not depressed about her. I'm lucky really. Flora introduced me to some really terrific people. She was always bisexual, though now she reckons she's going straight straight lesbian, that of

Some dude called Maggie, whose boyfriend's going whacky over her. Don't blame him, actually. I mean, Maggie's a real thriller, any man could go cuckoo over her. But Flora's something else, man! The toughest lady I ever knew, and ultra horny too with it. She could give a blow job, to men or women, like could never be got anywhere. And I should know, cause I was Flora who turned me on to anal.

And I've had some pretty good blow jobs, from all sorts, since I've known Flora. I think that's why she left me. She turned me on to Meg, who's a real sweetie, and couldn't take it when I started turning on to other men as well. Apparently, Meg used to be one of Flora's regulars too, but he says they were called Tony. Love at first sight it was, so Meg died.

That's why Flora goes for Maggie. Maggie's never had another woman before and Flora's having it'll stay





that way, Mags! I hope it doesn't. It'd be truly weird if Maggie met Daryl, who's a real gear head and could turn a head of a nail upside down at a glance.

It's just possible that Daryl might turn Maggie's head. Daryl likes big ladies, which Maggie is, and wouldn't mind sharing with one of Flore's. And if that happened then Flore would come running back to me for sympathy, and I'd wish my head length of shaft between those tits, with their cute little turned up nipples, and fuck them like I used to.

But, right now, Flore's got Maggie's make tongue flicking between her boobs, bringing her to the brink of ecstasy then darting away to taste some other part of her lascivious body. Oh, I do envy her!

Nagel's alright, but, a man really does need a woman sometimes. For a woman has a totally different feel about her, that plumping softness, warm and cushiony, that makes the muscular hardness of a male seem somewhat lacking in comfort.

The night before Flore put me to work having a small talk with Nagel and Tony, and Flore walked in on the middle of it. A three way thing and Flore couldn't fuck it. She walked in on what was happening, and split without so much as a 'by your leave'!

She came around next morning and walked me up with a gorgeous blow job, but, she wouldn't let me touch her. She groined and nibbled like a wood-hungry beaver and gobbled me whole when I came deep down in her throat.

And she said, in the end, "Just thought I'd let you know what you're going to be missing out on!"

Flore's new mate Maggie's ex-boyfriend George tells all!

Lili's not been the same since Maggie left me. I like waking up in the morning legs, food tastes like pulp, paper, sometimes plastic, and I don't raise erections any more. Worse than having the dick, perhaps.

Countless times I've tried to conjure up a fantasy about her; I see her luscious legs dangling and swaying above my eyes, a trailing laugh comes to catch a nipple between my teeth and lap it with my tongue. I touch her buttocks and slowly stroke her soft bare flesh, feeling the cleft between buttocks and thigh which leads, inevitably, to those puffy down lips after cummy.

Then, wham! She disappears! And



I've left holding a very limp baby. I try again. This time I imagine her with clear senses - she's called Flore - and as I see them toasting each other, pained looks of arousal in their faces, I find myself going into an instant orgasm.

Flore affixes soft endowing words in my loved one's ear, just as I once did, as her expert fingers probe and pull at the strings of Maggie's centre, and guide the lovely bitch to orgasm.

I'm coming with them, and cry out Maggie's name as that better sweet pleasure sweeps through me. "Oh, Maggie, Maggie, why aren't you here?"

The aftermath is bad. For there I am left alone with decayed remorses of what was, wishful wishes of what could have been, and the obsessive fantasy which has invaded my sexual hope and now. I have tried to displace

Maggie with other women, but only redheads will do; and a single redhead of Maggie's quality, and quantity, I've not yet met.

I don't know why she left me. All I know is that when she did it seemed like Judgement Day. She was wearing red floral shorts, ripped down the front, which gave the clear dove swell of her navel a soft, warm mother to be look, and her thighs's thighs, which I've always admired, looked across I wasn't going to be part of any longer.

I hate that day! I must have looked like the deserted sailor spared at a cannon ball, because that's how I felt. Perhaps I should have fought harder to keep her. Maybe my silly male pride held me back. I'd known about Flore for at least a month but thought it a passing fad. I was wrong. It's seven

months, to the day, since Maggie went, and, try as I might, I really can't see her coming back. But, what a boon it would be if she did!

I would take those tits, like I used to do, and squeeze them like they were lemons. As her nipples came erect I would sink to my knees and take one into my mouth while a free hand wandered around and about the other. Maggie's head would stoop and rest on my shoulder, her lips caressing my ear and whispering the words, "I'm ready."

Lower I would sink, lips belling her whorlpool of a navel, hands tugging at the roof of her thighs and drawing them down the swell of her thighs. I would feel the sweet prickly feel of her hair on my chin and the dark musty scents of her juices fill my mind with dreams of places, named for women, to which I'll never go again.





ON THE BEACH

Have you ever wondered how those chicks lying in the sun talking together get their kicks? Fay Tenscoat interviewed two girls who went to Italy for a couple of weeks last summer, and this is what she heard . . .





When Jay and I sat together, we don't like baying our tits if we're in the mood for lesbian love.

The crowded beach wasn't for us. When we stretched out in our bikinis, we felt hemmed in by the man's eyes staring at our half-naked bodies.

"We should find an isolated spot, Sally," said Jay. I sensed her using me up, from the tips of my toes to my short dark hair. Jay was beginning to understand.

We hired a car for the day, and found a remote part of the coastline. The sea lapped gently in the distance, some grassy hillsides were behind us and we smoothed out our towels on the sand.

The sun caressed our bodies. I lay on my back, my body felt strongly excited and I felt my pussy clenching. I gazed across at Jay. She was bent over forward, rubbing in suntan lotion. I saw her breasts swinging inside her green bikini, and I felt a throb between my legs.

I was beginning to understand. I saved my ass to my front, and undid the strap of my bikini. Without thinking, I found myself gyrating my breasts against the towel, and my thighs rubbed together.

Getting sexy? Jay blushed but she smiled. To my astonishment, she had her halterneck undone, and her tits were swinging naked, the nipples perking up towards the sun.

Jay had seen me staring at her. "There's no one else around. Let's stop!" With that, Jay had her tiny green panties off and was running along the towel.

I got rid of my bikini. When I pulled off the panties, I saw how wet my pussy had become. Jay came running up to me. She laughed and wiggled with me in the sand. Our tits brushed together and I felt her palms pressing against my thighs.

Jay was panting. Her laughter had ceased. She was sliding her tits against me. I felt the heat of flesh caressing my thigh. She began to move her, and her hands reached out for my tits. Her fingers touched my nipples, and I couldn't stop myself from cupping her breasts.

She emitted a long dreamlike sigh, and collapsed back. Her face was glowing. The glow of her tits attracted me. I ran my fingers through her pubic hair, feeling the warmth of her skin.

My pussy ached. I pulled her hand towards me, and she clasped my pussy, pressing my lips together. I felt my clit ring as under the stimulation and my fingers caressed her inside. I brought my hand to my mouth. The smell and taste of her sex was more than I could bear, and I thrust my clit down hard.



against her palm. I shuddered into a tiny orgasm, my breasts rippling.

Our eyes met. There was a silence and then she jumped up. Catching hold of my hand, she began laughing again. "Into the sea!" she giggled.

The sun warmed us round our legs. Our hot penis became immersed, and I felt the deliciously cool water bathing the juice away between my thighs. We swam around each other, aiming splashes at each other. Suddenly, Jay was embracing me, shouting out, "Golly, we're gay! We're gay!"

There was just the presence of the rippling waves . . . and Jay's words. I grinned. "Lovely legs together!" And I pressed my pussy against Jay's.

Moving about in the water, we managed to keep afloat, while our legs intertwined, and we became

entangled. We swelled in touching and fondling each other. Jay ducked down into the water and licked against my pulsating pussy, until I was dying to come.

"We're going back to the shore," I said.

The sand stuck to us, but we didn't care. I sank my head between Jay's legs. She was soft and watery. The water tasted salty, but as my tongue wormed its way inside her, she became sweet and delicate.

At the same time, she was sucking-fucking me. She was going at me hard, nibbling at my lips, while I pulled and stretched her juicy flesh. The finger was twirling up inside me. Having been immersed in the sea, I was now eagerly immersing myself in her most intimate parts.

Our tongues massed each other's lovepoints, but we worked at it. We became more and more aroused. Until, at long last, we were dissolving in harmony, sucking up each other's nectar.

Once again we were in the water, cooling down our bodies, washing away the perspiration.

Overwhelmed with love, we drifted back to the shore. Unconscious of our nudity, we roamed around, basking the sun dry our skins. It was then that we noticed. Somebody had taken our bodies.

"Somebody must have been peeping at us," I laughed. Jay shook with laughter too. When we heard the laughter behind the rocks, we knew we weren't alone!







GIRLS IN FLATLAND

Horles of the young population of London live a free life in flatland. *Legends* writer Sally Hill went out to meet two couples who give her an insight into lesbian love life in the capital.

It had taken ages to dress up after the party. Poor Mona looked down as she wiped the last glass and leaned against the bar in spite of the dark circles under her eyes, and her smudged make-up, she still looked sparkling, with her gorgeous blonde hair streaming over the shoulders of her long, white dress.

I looked at my watch. It was just gone three. "Well, I'd better be going, I suppose," I said, throwing my black shawl over the shoulders of my silk dress. My car was outside and it wouldn't take me long to drive the two miles across town to my own flat. I was looking forward to sliding between cool

sheets and letting deep steel over me.

As I stood there yawning, Mona said, "Do you think the party went well?"

"Of course it did!" I replied, thinking back to the laughter and music of a couple of hours ago.

"But... do you think they all enjoyed themselves? Did they have



enough to drink?"

"Of course they did! Now you just stop worrying and get yourself to bed," I ordered.

"Gosh, Jo, I'm so ashamed that I don't think I can ever be bothered to get undressed to take my make-up off," she said, tugging against the fan.

"If you're really that tired, why don't you let me help you," I offered.

"You could strip my dress for me, if you like," she replied.

I reached for the long zip down the back of her dress, and pulled the top back a whisker; the chiffon slipped down to her ankles and Marie worryingly stepped out of it. I gazed in admiration at what I saw. Her glorious, ripe, 26-year-old body with its broad hips, gently rounded stomach and broadly smiling breasts, with nipples like furious grapes which my fan yearned to suck.

Marie stood there, looking a bit bashful. Then she said, "Jo, the fact is . . . well, now that everyone's gone home and it's all quiet, I feel really lonely. You wouldn't fancy staying the night, I suppose, would you?"

"Of course, if it would make you feel better," I said to her.

"You can sleep on the sofa," she said. "It pulls down into a bed here, I'll show you how it works."

She bent over the writer explaining it to me, while I watched her lovely breasts quivering beneath her, so full and firm as two big grapefruits. Then she straightened up and turned to me.

"How about letting me return the favour and strip you?" she asked. She was standing very close to me, her moist lips within kissing distance as she reached for my zip. The cool air embraced me as my dress slid off, leaving me unharmed and free. Then I noticed a strange light come into Marie's eyes as she looked at my now-naked body.

"Wow, Jo, I never realized what a beautiful figure you had!" she said, appreciatively. I blushed and replied, "Thanks."

There was an awkward silence between us, as if both of us knew what each of us wanted, but neither dared make a move. It was Maria who broke the willful silence. She took a reminding step towards me and stood so close that our naked nipples brushed and I could see her breasts quivering as she shook with nerves.

I felt her warm lips touch mine and her hand slide down my back as far as my panties. Then, gathering courage, she allowed her hot palms to travel lightly over my behind and across the backs of my thighs. I tensed as her hands hovered on the sides of my legs. Then I relaxed again as they swept round to the front and at last settled on the





throbbing spot between my legs.

Our long kiss terminated and we each drew a breath. Maria looked at me through fluttering lashes. "Jo, you won't believe this, but I - I've never done anything like this before," she said.

"Neither have I," I told her honestly, "but I'll tell you one thing. I fancy you. I really fancy you. I'd love to take you to bed but . . . I don't know what to do."

"Then we'll just eat together," she murmured, taking my hand and drawing me away to the couch.

I think we were both a bit shy about taking our pants off, so we try to each

other's arms for a while, feeling each other's silky skin, getting used to the feeling of holding and caressing a woman rather than a child. I found I got enormous pleasure out of it. Her female skin was so much smoother than a man's rough hide, her body was curvy rather than bony, her hair soft and perfumed, her movements graceful and flowing. Being a woman, she knew just how to touch another woman on. Using her imagination, she could go straight to my most sensitive spots - because she'd discovered the same spots through exploring her own body!

I was dying to be allowed to kiss those fabulous breasts of hers. I must

have read my mind because she took her right breast in her hand and offered it up to my lips. "Go on, don't be shy," she urged.

Sticking out my tongue, I deliberately flicked it wet, warm tip over her big nipple and was gratified to see it spring out into even firmerness. As my tongue grew, I placed my lips round the whole area of her nipple and sucked. In answer, she pressed her body forward against mine.

Pressing me both onto the couch, she bent over me and took each of my breasts into her mouth in turn, sending tangles of ecstasy shooting from my nipples down to my crotch. I felt her

hands scorching at my knacker status. "No ..." I moaned, feebly, knowing this would be fatal. She spread me and pushed her fingers down the front of my pants, probing in my hairy cleft until she found my fleshy testicles. I shuddered and groaned as her fingers set to work on my crotch. I knew she wanted the same treatment, so I, in turn, slid my hand down the front of my knickers and parted the folds of sex flesh until I found what I was looking for - a hard lump, about the size of a bean. Once I'd located it, I rotated my fingers on it, hoping I was doing the right thing. I knew I'd succeeded when she thrust her tongue into my mouth and started trying to drag my pants off.

In turn, I pulled her braids down over her hair and we both stepped out of them, licking the unwanted garments across the floor. My mouth fell onto Mona's neck and breasts, covering her with kisses. She smiled tentatively, of skin and scent and sweat. Our hands found each other's pants again and we sat about them with delight and enthusiasm. Yet, much as I loved the feeling, there was something lacking. I missed the feeling of a dick up me. Then I had an idea.

"Mona!" I inquired. "You wouldn't happen to have ... a vibrator, would you?"

"What an incredible idea!" she smiled, her eyes shining. She dashed naked into the bedroom and reappeared with an enormous two inch black object roughly resembling a penis.

"Get onto your back, Jo," she ordered, with a twinkle in her eye. I



obeyed. Though half closed, dreamy, but blazed eyes I saw her lick the object until it was completely lubricated with her saliva. At the same time, she stared around my hole with her fingers,

stretching me, making sure I was really wet. Then, holding my vagus open with the fingers of one hand, she slowly, gradually, inserted the huge phallus as far as it would go.

I gasped, "That's enough!" when I knew I could take no more. My sex was felt stretched to its utmost limits. Keeping the dildo in me, Louisa gently lowered her body on top of mine and kissed me while she slowly moved the smooth plastic object in and out of my greedy hole.

Suddenly an incredible sensation shot through me and my whole body thrummed with rhythmic ecstasy - Mona had thrown a switch and started up the dildo's vibrating mechanism. "Mona!" I cried heartily, as I felt myself coming. God, I was being carried away on waves after waves of orgasm. There was nothing I could do but gasp her name, clutch her body and roll wildly about the couch, my vapor eard demanding more and more of this rock-hard, pulsating monster.

When I felt my cunt grow numb, unable to produce any more orgasm for the time being, I lay gasping, as the slowly withdrew the pleasure-giver in her hand. But she hadn't finished with me yet! For as I lay there in exhausted, spent bliss, I felt a new sensation. There was another pulse that wasn't numb to pleasure yet, and Louisa had found



it. The top of the girl's skirt, which she had been inserted a tiny way into my tight as hole and, in spite of myself, I felt fresh waves of orgasm sweeping me as her other hand cunningly manipulated my dick!

She knelt above me, a glorious blonde Valerius with me, the weaker female, completely in her power. I asked her, I was here, I'd do anything for her. When at last she realised I could come no more, she sank down beside me and guided my hand to her own hungry hole.

"Darling Jo, love me up a bit, make me come," she purred in a husky, pleading tone.

Her plump pussy stretched and sucked in my finger. She squashed on there as I moved my hand. Her hot juices dripped down my wrist. My hand was covered in titismen. The warm, moist female adobe made my mouth water and I slid my tongue down the ripe curve of her stomach until it was in the maw of her fat, abducting her little titers.

I rubbed my nose up and down over her tits while my tongue lapped up her and my teeth nibbled her sex lips. Then I tongued in and out of her as fast as I could, until my poor tongue was nearly dropping off.

The vibrator was on the floor. Without a break in my sucking and fondling, my hand found it, guided it close to her hole and, without any warning, sank it right in to the hilt. Liane screamed in joy and around her legs curled my shoulders.

"Oh, Jo, do it to me, fuck me," she cried. I found the switch and pressed it. A humming sound came from way deep inside her and the flesh of her belly quivered to the rhythm of the vibrator. Her hips bucked upwards in an orgasm. She writhed and thrashed and moaned as I relentlessly drove the huge phallus in and out. The juices positively spouted out of her. I never knew a woman could behave so much like a pig.

After seven rapping, jerking orgasms, she put her hand over mine and begged me to stop. We collapsed into each other's arms, our legs glued together in a last, grateful kiss — and that's how Mona's brother, letting himself in with the spare key, found us in the morning!

"Hub?" he grumbled. "If I'd known the party was going to be that good, I'd have come along instead of going on the Rugby Club pub crawl!"

"Never mind," said Mona, consoling us, her hot hand beginning to massage my tight again once more.

"With all those boys together, I'm sure you must have had as good a time as us!"



Cathy and Sue, two newcomers. . .

I met Cathy at work and from the start we got on really well. As I'd only just arrived in London and was looking for a flat, she asked me if I finished moving into her spare room. It worked really well. We are the perfect flatmates, though I think she wondered why I didn't have a boyfriend.

The fact is, of course I like boys, but since my teenage years, I've realised I like girls, too! And, from the moment I met one on Cathy, I knew I wanted to be a lover.

I felt sure she didn't have a clue as to what was going on in my mind. The times I broke out in a hot sweat watching her walk naked out of the bath-

room, gleaming and perfumed from a hot bath, her beautiful breasts heavy and languid, her little curly fair pubes deliberately dusted with talcum powder. I longed to reach out and stroke her, but I didn't want to ruin my little beauty. I knew I had to take my time and let things happen naturally.

One Friday evening we planned to go out to a disco together. We got in from work and made straight for the bedrooms to decide what to wear that evening.

"How do you think this looks, Sue?" Cathy asked, holding a blue feather boa round her neck and posing at a modelly angle in front of the mirror.



"Then..." I said, speculatively. "I think that might be a bit too dressy. How about a tee-shirt and shorts?" She glanced inside the wardrobe door, shook her head, hair swinging, and pulled out another of dresses. Then she started stripping her dress to try these on. She did the pretty dress down to her ankles, stepped out of it and stood there wearing nothing but the perfect pants, suspender belt and pair of stockings. She looked as fresh and innocent as a little school girl.

"Come on Sam, help me into this," she said, showing a faint, teasing smile. As I helped her get her arms into it, my breasts accidentally brushed against hers. I felt a tingling thrill rush from my nipples to my clitoris as we made contact. She didn't appear to notice anything strange.

I helped her into the dress and stepped behind her to zip it up. "What do you think, Sam?" she asked, regarding herself thoughtfully in the mirror.

"Great!" I replied enthusiastically, giving her a playful slap on the rump.

"Oh! How dare you!" she squealed and went to slap me back but she stumbled in her high-heeled shoes and I caught her before she fell. For an instant she was helpless, lying back in my arms.

This was my moment. I had to do





it, whatever the consequences. Lowering my face to meet hers, I pressed my lips gently against her warm soft ones. She didn't pull away from me. I left more there and very slowly and firmly pressed my tongue between her teeth. To my amazement, she opened her mouth to admit my French kiss.

I was trembling now, all over. Some how, we slid onto the floor, the pair of us, arms wrapped round each other, eyes closed, still kissing. Does it go any further? My sweet girl wasn't resist-

ing so I dared to do what I'd wanted to do for so many weeks - I let my hands move up to her breasts. I felt her come up as my palms brushed her nipples. The next instant her hands were on my breasts, too. Like seasoned lovers, the pair of us were necking away and my wildest dreams had come true.

At long last we released each other from a kiss that had lasted forever.

Cathy opened her eyes and looked at me. "Oh, Sue . . ." she said. "I've been doing so bad for you for ages, but I didn't

think that year . . ."

I chuckled. "I didn't think you were, either!" I replied. Without more ado, we dropped off and got onto the bed. She lay on her back, ready to accept all the love I had to offer. I crouched between her upraised knees and put my face down to her delicious crotch, sucking her full of tongue. I sucked out her tasty juices, then looked her all the way up to her proud little nipples, while my own pussy was going me hell, throbbing and tingling and dying to be



pressed against my darling's sweet little clitty.

"Mmm, Sun, come here," she moaned. I obediently moved nearer. Then she reached up, grabbed my hips and pulled my eager tummy down to her feet. She rubbed her lovely face along my thighs, giggling as she faced her nose into my tender slit. Then, taking my slit between her teeth, she nibbled it, making me scream with pleasure!

"Come here, Cathy, baby, baby, my little jewel," I said. "I've got to have you. I've wanted you long."

Moving an inch off her, I lowered my body over hers so that my dark pubes were entwined in her fair ones, 30

and our two heads, once slightly were pressed right together. We held that position for ages. It was so blissful, our thighs entwined, our lips locked and our passions rubbing each other into pleasure.

Then, very gradually, we started rotating our hips so that our love buttons ground together. As we got more worked away, we began thrashing and laughing down one another's chests, using each other's legs and bumping our hips together so that we built up a rhythm between our two bodies, a rocking rhythm, going faster and faster.

Our moments stopped together. Our love juices trickled over each others

thighs. Our knees bent together, our panting breaths filled each others' mouth as we leaned our mutual climax. I tensed mine until I could tell, by Cathy's uncontrolled movements, that she was coming, then I let go and felt the wonderful waves of rippling fulfillment spread from my groin outwards.

As we lay there afterwards, blowing cool air on each others' faces to cool ourselves down, we both admitted how lucky we'd been in becoming friends, and we're looking forward to the fantastic delights there are in store for us, especially as I've just seen out and bought us two vibrators!



A tale of two couples

continued from page 14



finger started to undress her curly-haired partner. I felt myself thrust into life for a second time that evening as both girls lay at last, in nothing but stockings, suspender belts and shoes, and their fingers and lips began to explore each other.

I heard a sucking sound as Pat's partner drew her head in and out of Pat's juicy quill. My own hand flew to my swelling navel as I watched the two lovely girls finger-fuck each other. Then they switched to a sissytime position and each sucked and sucked. I could see

tongues snaking between lips, fingers flying across tits. I was in a hot daze of frustration, stuck in the wardrobe.

I suppose I must have made some kind of noise, because suddenly the girls stopped what they were doing and looked my way. "Who's there?" Pat demanded. I clambered out of the wardrobe in a shower of pajamas and shorts.

"Well?" said Pat's partner, coolly looking me over. "Since you've watched the action so far, you might as well join in. Don't you think so, Pat?"

In answer, Pat's arm snaked out, grabbed me by the wrist and tossed me onto the bed beside them. The next thing I knew, soft hands were undressing me and warm tongues exploring my creases. My hot, wet, winking pussy was soon discovered and gloriously probed by expert fingers I felt loved and desired. I had a whole(hell) of kisses, my nipples were being rolled between someone's finger and thumb and my spine was being gloriously finger-fucked. What more could any girl want!





Lesbians at Work



We investigate the kind of games girls play when they're at work. Angie King went to visit a client of Yvette, a very gay massage, and a Sub on a fashion mag who got her beautiful boss to lick her ass!

I don't need you calling me a lesbian. That's fair enough. But do not tell my husband. He'd go berserk. He's so straight. Still, I've got a nice home. To be truthful, I am bisexual, so I don't mind having him fucking me. In fact, I like it. It always reminds me how much I wallow in the touch of other women.

That's why I have invited massages in my place. Well, my husband thinks it's off limits. But I mean, normally you think of girl massages having sweet fluids with other male clients. You need to remember that female ones!

Mind you, there's nothing materialistic about it. Some women are just put off by the idea of touching a lesbian. Yes, so I've had my fair share of disappointed men - but even then, if they're doing their job properly, it makes you pretty horny having your breasts massaged. And I always insist that there be some stimulation to keep them in shape. The

same over my bottom; and once a woman is pumping her joints into your cheeks, it's pretty likely her fingers are going to touch your pussy!

I had a bloody time with Yvette - our meeting was such a chance thing! The girl I had booked was ill, and Yvette was a sort of stand-in. She hasn't any special talents, to be honest - but when I sat eyes on her I knew she had the qualifications I needed.

She looked nineteen years old, and had lovely shoulder-length, blonde hair. I fell for her straight away. There was a gleam in her eye that told me all.

Unlike the others, who are nervous and politely ask you to undress, Yvette was so keen to get her hands on me that she came straight out with it.

"You'll need to be naked!" she said. I shuddered with anticipation. Once I was naked I could see her appreciating my figure. I've got a good pair of tits. She

was so keen, she couldn't be bothered with half the orthodox movements. Instead, she had me lying on the carpet, and, having rubbed a little oil in her palms, went straight for my breasts.

She had a wonderful touch. She smoothed the oil into my skin, circling round both tits. Just that made me feel randy! I liked her technique, even if it was somewhat unconventional. You see, not only did she massage my tits, but she also specially massaged my nipples, making my nipples puff out and go furiously itchy. She must have thought I was dumb, because she also mentioned something about it doing the tits good, having them sucked on. Well, it did me good, feeling her tongue flicking over my nipples.

It goes without saying, we both knew the water for certain now, I recognized that she was definitely gay, and she could tell what I was craving



for, my sole query was how long she would go on with the shreds.

Not very long! She told me to turn over. I heard some tumbling of clothes. Then I felt this sweeping sensation down my back and on to my bottom. I looked round. Sure enough! She was teasing me with her ass. She let them dangle against my flesh, so just the teeth touched me, then she squashed the full dangling weight against me.

Wow! Did I like that!

"Are you finding the treatment to your satisfaction, student?" she asked cheekily. Then she had me on my back again, and her two were skimming the tenderer face of my crotch.

Boyl! I was aching to feel her fingers going inside me. And the sight of her performing over me, bare breasted, sent me into spasms of pleasure.

"Come on, Yente," I begged, "You must be getting on that, fully dressed."

Did she take the hint! She was totally nude in a matter of seconds. I thrust my hand between her legs, pulling at her succulent folds of flesh, while her fingers massaged into my groin.

"It'll be more comfortable on the sofa in the sitting-room," I whispered.

Never before had I clicked so quickly with a woman, and never before had a woman clicked so quickly with me!

Once we were on the sofa, I felt it was my turn to be a bit active. I could see that Yente was dying out, to be fondled. My hands stroked over her full boobs, and then I guided my fingers along her cunny's crack, while we teasing our tits together. She was as worked up as I was! We rolled from side to side, while we kissed passionately, our tongues probing deeply inside each other, our cunnies thrusting together.





We made a splendid match, with her lovely blonde hair cascading over my dark curls. Our toes fitted together, with our nipples touching, making every inch of my skin on fire with passion. Even our skins spiraled out together. Our bodies shuddered, and we passed into a series of spasms, while we clasped each other yet more tightly.

I felt my vaginal juices streaming out on to Yvonne. We must have read each other's thoughts, because we twisted

round into a 90 position and drained each other dry. Then we were lying again, breathing in the essence of our mingled sex juices.

"I'll give you a last special bit of massage," cooed Yvonne, "Because you've been such a good customer!" She parted my legs, and then squeezed her left to right up against my cunny. Her test stood out like a rubber, and she stroked the red tip against my rock hard, red clit. Grr! I jolt shuddered

with delight. The sensations were terrific, and after a few moments, I was engorged again, while Yvonne poked three fingers inside me, so my hole had something to grip on.

Yes, Yvonne is now my ideal mistress. It's a pity she doesn't know how to massage! Initially, she declined payment, but when I pointed out it was my husband who paid, she relented. After all, he would become suspicious, if my mistress didn't receive a fee.



And so to the lady who got her come back (side) . . .

I'd cut out the photo from the New York fashion magazine and stuck it on the wall over my bed. The perfect dream lover for a lady little fashion like me!

Oh yes, alone in my bed at night I'd fantasized those glossy pouting lips kissing in my clit as I'd flogged myself off in bed. So you can imagine how I felt when the same girl walked into the publishing house where I work as a sub editor, introduced herself as Sula, and told me she was my new boss!

There seemed no chance that my sexy dreams would ever come true. Although only the same age as me, Sula had been transferred from the

New York office and appointed editor, a job which I thought I could do better. And her arrogant manner didn't endear her to the rest of the staff either. We all spread like Bone Bone, as we called her, needing bringing down a peg or two.

But in spite of everything the intense rivalry between us made her even more sexy in my eyes. I just couldn't concentrate on my work! Every time she went saddlesting past my fingers would inadvertently slide between my thighs and press against my cunny. I would stand in the changing room and watch her slipping in and out of dresses, aching to run my hands over her firm rounded breasts and buttocks.

At night I stared at her picture and imagined her naked on her knees, discreetly taking out my rings. Pastor

and I later my hands moved as I imagined her tongue slipping between the cheeks of my bum. That would show the bitch what of us was the better girl!

But gradually, as the weeks passed, the electric atmosphere between us cooled down, and an unspoken truce was declared. Sula seemed to be going out of her way to be nice to me, as we buried the hatchet and became friends. The shrewish of sex with Sula still seemed remote until Dorson, the switchboard operator, told me she'd overheard her having a row with another girl on the phone.

"I know old Boney Scott was a lie!" she shrieked. "She's got broken up with her girlfriend."

A shower of excitement shattered

through me. It worried two good to be true, yet it wasn't really so surprising. In the trendy world of clothes designers and models many of the girls share my own sexual tastes. So when I invited Susan back to my bachelor girl Chelsea apartment for the first time I pointed out her picture over the bed ... and as casually as I could, told her how I used to stare at her picture and finger-buck myself. Desperately I waited her reaction, hoping against hope that I hadn't spoiled our new found friendship.

Slowly she looked up from the picture and back to me, a smile spreading on her lips. No one could resist that kind of flattery. Deftly she unbuttoned her dress and let it fall to the floor so that she was naked, except for a faint pair of red panties.

She asked how the real thing compared with the photo, and I was lost for words. I stared, mesmerized as she looked her thighs into her knickers and slipped them down. Then, covering her hands over her pubic smooth skin, she asked if I was good with my fingers.

Quickly I slipped off my own dress. Occasionally I have had to master at a fashion house and I know I've got a good figure. Susan's eyes widened with delight. She told me she'd often wondered what lay under my clothes - and reached for my knickers, slowly unhooking them down. Then her fingers found my clit, as mine explored those wonderful breasts. I squeezed the nipples, feeling their hardness, as Susan pushed two and then three fingers up into my moist slit.

I couldn't wait any longer to get my hands on her cunt, to explore it and compare it to mine. I rubbed my hands lightly over her labia, stroking her cunt until she was moaning with pleasure. She shook her head and pushed me onto my back. Then, turning herself around so that her face was pointing towards my feet, she straddled me, her warm soft thighs each side of my face. Parting her lips with her fingers, she told me to push my tongue inside.

My mouth watered as she lowered her succulent slit against my lips, and I began to lick and suck it, thrilling to the taste of her. I sucked harder, wanting her more as her thighs gripped tighter around my face. Now I really got to work, delighting in her warm juicy terry. I nibbled at her slit, holding it tightly between my teeth, flicking my tongue backwards and forwards over it. She began to cry out and I suddenly became aware that I had a power over her. This was my chance to turn the tables.





"Oooh, yes ... like that," she said
 as "Mmm, oh, oh, more ... please,
 more ..."

I could feel her body jerking towards
 a climax. I slowed down, torturing her
 with my tongue. She was going wild,
 her dark hair whipping from side to side
 as she tossed her head, squealing in an
 agony of pleasure. I'd show her what
 we both felt all night!

I pushed her off and we rolled over
 on the bed. Her hands reached for my
 face and she started to play with my
 dirt while my fingers touched her. I
 sucked at her breasts, loving the feel
 of her body. All I needed were those
 lascivious lips on my pussy and mine on
 hers!

She sprawled on top of me and
 started to kiss my breasts and stomach,
 working slowly down to my fatty ass.
 Her tongue teased tantalizingly over my
 stomach, and played around my cunt
 before travelling down. She gave me
 thighs a rubble and squeezed her arms
 around the side of my head, raising her
 clit against my lips. I sucked hard and
 felt a delicious warmth as her lips found
 my clit. She played with it, teasing and
 kissing.

"Please ... Oh, please ... make me





come," she begged, moaning with desperation.

I tucked her hand as she pushed her tongue up into me, swirling it about before licking lightly across my sex lips. Then she too began to suck, gently at first, and then harder and harder.

Her whole body started to quiver, seeking sensually, totally under my control. She rubbed wetly against me, her thighs tense with suspense, that maddening mouth sucking and sucking until I was spending. She jerked, a long cry, as she surged into a body wrenching orgasm, which I followed almost simultaneously. We watched in delight as our bodies locked together, our lips still kissing as each other's clits.

I just couldn't stop fucking at the rich warm love juice. Her breath became racks as she responded to the expert promptings of her palm and we continued our wild and swirling lesbian sixty nine for what seemed like days. climax after climax rolled through us. But it was when her jerking tongue flickered lower and lower and her fingers separated my bum cheeks that my body went completely out of control.

Her teeth nibbled and nipped at the flesh of my buttocks, forcing throaty cries of excitement. Her tongue flickered up and down my crack like a snake, making me wriggle with excitement. My wildest dreams had come true. Betsy knows Susan was taking my ass!

I writhed and wriggled, lifting my legs higher, squaring her head between

my thighs. Her tongue probed and poked at me while her fingers circled my hairy. Occasionally she would pinch my flesh with her sharp talon-like fingernails, spurring on my squirming body until I was dizzy with delight.

I just couldn't stand any more of that treatment and was willing for release by the time her fingers and tongue brought me off. I rolled away

from her and lay panting on the bed, gazing at her picture. She'd done everything I'd dreamed of and more!

Since then Susan and I have been spending so much time together that she's moved into my flat. She may be the boss at work, but I'm the boss in bed. Susan wouldn't have it any other way and neither would I!

